THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"..... VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LXXVIX.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

A foreigner has remarked of the people of the United States, that they succeed well as public speakers. If this remark be true, the American will hear with satisfaction, that, while in most of the improvements which advance the reputation of a people, his countrymen boast not a pre-eminence, they have received from an intelligent observer, the praise of excelling in one of the noblest attributes conferred upon man.

There exist in the United States causes for the general cultivation of talents for public speaking, that are not to be found in any other modern country. The extremely popular cast of the government, by holding out to every class and condition of people, hopes of preferment, disposes them to a zealous interference with subjects of public concern. Political animosity is a fruitful source of oral contention. Spirited dialogues, and declamatory harangues, precede the contests at our frequent elections, and, where the collision of adversaries is suspended, warmth of feeling is moderated, and the heat of strife allayed, by friendly communications among political adherents. The legislatures of seventeen independent states, are so many different schools in which parliamentary faculties may be exercised and improved, while the national congress is open to those who court, in the walks of eloquence, a more diffuse and exalted reputation. The popular features in our civil codes, lend their aid in the formation of the speaker. Gain and honour recompense the exertions of the able advocate, and the tribunals of justice in every district of an extensive country, present to us theatres of Forensic disputation.

It may perhaps be affirmed, that since the days of Athens, there have been no people among whom oratory has flourished as it has done among the people of the American states. From this remark we must exclude that high perfection in the art of speaking, reached by a few illustrious individuals, where, in the full growth of a nation, powerful abilities have been exerted upon objects higher and more animating than occur in the earlier periods of any state. We have not yet, to use the words of an Irish orator, heard 'the torrent of Demosthenes,' or seen in our senates, 'the splendid conflagration of Tully.' Nor, do we aspire to a rivalship of that exquisite polish, which, in several prominent instances, has distinguished the annals of British eloquence. The refinements of rhetoric, and the decorations of classical embellishment, are not the usual recommendations of our public speeches. But, in that rank of oratory, which, although respectable, is not the most exalted, which pleases without often dazzling, and excites admiration more frequently than astonishment, the Americans have eminently excelled.

The historian of our revolution in speaking of the Congress that first assembled upon the dispute between the mother country, and her colonies has made the number of able speakers who were members of it, an object of particular notice. In their deliberations upon subjects of the greatest magnitude, then, for the first time, presented to them, abilities were displayed which might have reflected credit upon the national councils of older and more experienced states. Throughout the revolution, each member of the confederacy, continued to supply deputies, who became eloquent defenders of the American cause. The speeches delivered in the convention, that framed the federal constitution, have never been preserved, but the testimony of those who heard them, as well as our knowledge of the distinguished men, who sat in that body, instruct us to believe they exhibited specimens of powerful oratory. We are in possession of the discussions of the constitution had in the conventions of the different states, and the ample investigation they give to every part of that instrument, sufficiently attest how generally diffused and of how respectablea a character was the talent for public speaking.

During the few years in which our present government has been in operation, many questions of great national moment, have employed the attention of the legislators of our country. In the discussion of these questions, rival delegates from every part of the union, have engaged in a contest for pre-eminence, and, the assertion may be hazarded that a large proportion of them have uttered their opinions, and enforced their arguments, in strains of impressive and dignified eloquence. The House of Representatives of the United States, has probably had in it during the last ten years, a greater number of public speakers than have appeared in any national assembly of Europe, in the same period of time. This fact, if it be one, is the more favourable to American oratory, when it is recollected of how few members the House of Representatives has consisted, and that our country has been in a state of comparative exemption from those alarming conjunctures, which have an effect to excite the feelings, and give fresh activity, to the mental vigour of a people.

Reflections like the above, offer inducements to the emulous and aspiring to cultivate an art, that seems to flourish well among us. Let not a view of the extensive qualifications that combine in the orator, deter any from attempting their acquisition. The character when reached is of that high kind, which seems to terminate the endeavours of enterprize, and satisfy the expectations of generous ambition. The powers of the human mind, can hardly appear under a form more captivating than in a speaker on the floor of an enlightened assembly, intent upon some question of high national interest, unfolding with luminous comprehension its nature and consequences, and with the arts of philology, and the lights of political wisdom imparting to others, his own convictions. Such high ideas of honour and advantage did the ancients connect with the art of declamation, that it was taught among them by public professors, and the orator was formed by the same course of previous discipline, that other professions are thought to require. Their attention to it was marked by an anxiety, that sought the ultimate perfection of the art. It was an usual prayer with Pericles, before he rose to address a public assembly, 'that in the hurry of delivery, no *word* might fall from him, which could offend an Athenian ear.' To those who look for eminence in the Senate, or the forum, an attention to the arts of speaking is among the indispensable prerequisites to success. Let all such therefore, have a proper sensibility to the high importance of their aims, and cultivate elocution, until excellence in it shall constitute the praise and become the acknowledged characteristic of the American people.

MARCELLUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

In the second book of the Punicks, the interest of the reader is considerably excited; after the siege of Sagunthum, the Legates from Rome appear before Hannibal—at the head of this important embassy suing peace in behalf of the Saguntines, the Roman Fabius presents himself—to them Hannibal addresses the following speech.

'Tis past, he cries, ye sons of peace, forbear
To talk of treaties 'mid the noise of war;
Now in the clangour of the trumpets sound,
And dying groans all softer notes are drown'd;
Hence, while you may, nor to the half-won town
Too rashly trusting, make her fate your own;
Too well the license of the sword you know,
Once flush'd with slaughter on a yielding foe.

Among the Carthaginians, appears a female warrior, who is thus described.

With Afric's sons whose garments flow, unbound,
A motley race for breach of faith renown'd,
A female warrior to the fields of fame,
Hyarbas' blood, the bold Hasbyte came;

* * * * *

From Ammon thus the warrior princes came,
And in his groves invok'd her grandsire's name;
Pure from the pleasures of the genial bed,
In woods and wilds her youthful years she led;
No spinstress arts she knew, nor female toys;
But sports of labour, and more manly joys:
Diana-like, the chace was her delight,
The straining courser, and the game in sight.

* * * * *

A net of gold confin'd her flowing hair,
Her right arm, active for the fight, was bare;
Her left she guarded with the shining shield,
An Amazonian pelt, that glitter'd thro' the field.

* * * * *

Proud in her steeds and glittering in the van,
As on a neighbouring mole with speed they ran,
Frequent she lodg'd impell'd with matchless might
Her quivering javelins on the turrets height.
This Mopsus saw, and could no longer bear
The fierce approaches of the virgin's spear;
High on the walls enrag'd his bow he drew,
Loud sung the string; each feather'd weapon slew

A stranger he, and born in distant Crete,
Where the Curetes their loud cymbals beat,
His long laborious days in forests led,
An expert huntsman from his cradle bred;
Oft did he fetch the falcon from the sky;
Oft when the nimbler game his toils would fly,
So true his bowstring sped his fatal darts,
At once they heard it hiss, and felt them in their hearts;
Nor Crete, tho' rival of the Parthian bow,
An arm so vigorous, and so sure could shew;
At length past labour, friendless, old, and poor,
Forc'd by his wants to quit his native shore,
He, wife, and sons, a small, inglorious train,
Fate urg'd them forward, reach'd Sagunthum's plain.
His sons, their quivers cross their shoulders ty'd,
Beside him each his bow with shafts supply'd;
And as far shooting from the walls he stood,
Each Cretan arrow drank some Lybian's blood:
Gramus and Tyhrrus eager to engage;
Gisco, and gentle Bagas felt his rage;
His bearded arrow pierced young Lycus' heart;
Unhappy he to meet so sure a dart.

Mopsus then aims a shaft at the Lybian Amazon; Harpe, a female attendant rushes between them, receives the arrow, and falls in the arms of her queen.

Her falling in her arms the queen receives,
And o'er her dying lov'd companion grieves;
Then fir'd with vengeance to the rampart springs,
And at the foe her angry javelin flings.
Just then young Dorilas a shaft had set
Drawn to the head; the bows tough horns had met;
Whirl'd with what vigour passion could impart,
His sinewy shoulder felt the rapid dart;
With nerves relax'd he drops his useless bow,
And tumbles headlong on the plain below,
Revers'd his quiver pouring on the ground
Its shafts, that glitter'd, as he fell, around.
His brother's fate, sad Icarus survey'd,
And mov'd with clamour to revenge the dead;
But him preventing, as a shaft he drew,
The leader with a rock's rough fragment slew;
Fainting he falls, the freezing hand of death
Chill'd his pale limbs, and choak'd his struggling breath;
His hand no longer can its hold retain;
But in the quiver drops the shaft again.

Mopsus thus seeing both his sons slain, one by Hasbyte, the other by Hannibal, flings himself from the wall in despair. Theron then appears.

Theron attended with a gallant train,
Rush'd from the gate, and battled on the plain;
No common arms the brawny warrior knew;
Nor lifted lance he pois'd, nor sword he drew;
No plaited corslet his broad breast o'erspread;
No crested helmet nodded o'er his head;
But far before him with resistless might,
Swung a huge club, and broke the ranks of fight
A lion's shaggy hide his shoulders bore;
Rose o'er his front the jaws, and grinn'd before;
His shields device the sevenfold Hydra stood,
Sprouting with monsters on a field of blood.

Theron after destroying several Carthagenians, who were distinguished in the fight, meets Hasbyte.

Now plunging in the press, fierce Theron fought;
The watchful virgin saw, and turning sought
The fight; and aiming for a deadly blow,
Full at the forehead of her dauntless foe,
Her two-edg'd ax to thee, Dictynna, pray'd
And vow'd the trophies of the warrior dead;
Nor he inspir'd with equal thirst of fame
Less ardent to the glorious combat came,
And, as advancing with his lifted shield,
He strided tow'ring thro' the mingled field,
His lion's grinning jaws distain'd with blood,
Full at the faces of the coursers shew'd,
Who seiz'd with fright, and restive to the rein
O'erturn the tumbling chariot on the plain:
To quit the field by flight Hasbyte tries;
The fatal club arrests her, as she flies:
Full on her front descends the forceful stroke;
Spouts the black gore; the crackling skull is broke;
Beside her car she sinks; th' entangled reins,
Are sprinkled o'er with mingled blood and brains.
* * * * *
Blind to his fate, and with no God to friend,
Thus toil'd bold Theron drawing near his end;
For Hannibal now swift to combat came;
His voice spoke thunder, and his eyes shot flame.

At the approach of Hannibal, the Sagunthines in dread terror fly before him; Theron thus addresses the fugitives.

Oh turn, he cries, your hasty fears resign;
The glorious danger of this foe be mine;
Turn but spectators of the fight; this hand
Shall drive the Punick general from the land;
Or if, Oh shame to arms! you dare not see
Unhous'd the combat, shut your gates on me.

Theron is killed by Hannibal, which concludes the engagement. The Roman legates arriving at Carthage, the Senate meet; Hanno declares for, and Gestar against satisfying the Romans; Fabius insists on a positive declaration of peace or war immediately. The translator makes the following observations on this important debate.

'The strong and beautiful contrast between these two speeches of Hanno and Gestar, in the Carthagenian Senate, is drawn with a justness and loftiness of sentiment, and style suitable to the dignity of the personages speaking, and to the importance of the subject spoken on. When Hanno to recommend himself to his audience, declares, that he will speak for his country, though he dies for it; Gestar to take off the favour such a patriotic resolution might gain him, tells him he speaks like a Roman, and an enemy, insinuating he is conscious he deserves that death, he seems apprehensive of: Hanno to deter Carthage from the war, says, the Romans are more than men; I have seen them, he says, tear the javelin from their body, and strike it in the enemy's heart; I have seen, says Gestar to encourage to the war, Regulus the Roman general taken prisoner, dragged in chains, flung in a dungeon, and dying on a gibbet: The Romans are bred soldiers from their birth, says Hanno; ours are the same, says Gestar; but look at young Hannibal, who already rivals the god Hercules in passing the Alps; the conclusion is equally noble; Hanno says, he saves them a sea of blood; Gestar replies, they will pour out all their blood, they will die rather than not live free.'

The close of Gestar's speech, exhibits the warmth and eloquence, which characterises every line from the commencement.

Behold, our matchless leader, and adore;
His tongue's first accent was the oath he swore;
An infant he was known with sword and fire,
To vow Rome's fate, and meditate his sire;
And in thy sight, if thou dare view the deed,
Now in his turn, shall make Rome's mightiest bleed;
Then. then let Alps on Appenines arise,
A growing rampart till they reach the skies;
His matchless vigour thro' those Alps shall break;
To gall thee, wretch, the boastful vaunt I make,
Those Alps, those skies shall be the hero's road;
Where great Alcides first victorious trod,
The dreadful pass, shall Hannibal despair,
At once to second and outshine him there?
But Hanno bids us quit the glorious strife,
And tamely give up liberty for life;
Recounts the slaughters, Lybia felt before;
Improves on each, and still denounces more:
Wretch as he is, himself may wave that fear;
Skulk like a girl at home, and tremble there;
We, we are fix'd tho' Rome's own Jove oppose,
To force our freedom from our haughty foes;
Or, if the fates the great attempt withstand,
And Mars has quitted this devoted land,
We'll die, my country, e'er proud Rome shall be
To us a tyrant, or a lord to thee:
For what demands have her bold legates bore?
And what can lords, or what can tyrants more?
Disband your forces, quit Sagunthum's plain,
And burn your navies, and renounce the main;
Ye Gods! if Carthage may your pity claim,
Look down, and save her from so foul a shame;
Free from the Romans, and his threatened fate
Preserve our leader, and in him the state.

War is proclaimed, and Fabius returns to Rome; Hannibal, the while taking the country about Sagunthum, is presented by the Gallicians with a suit of armour, which is described; then turning, he presses the seige, and the Sagunthines almost famished, the goddess Faith, at the instance of Hercules patron of the city, conveys herself into it, and inspires them still to hold out, which Juno observing from the Carthagenian camp, applies to the fury Alecto.

Thus toil'd the watchful Juno for their fall,
And forc'd the fiercest fury to their wall;
At whose approach the mount was heard to roar;
The waves beat hoarser on the hollow shore,
From round her bloated neck fell serpents rise;
Uncurl their folds, and hiss against the skies—
* * * * *
The changing monster, now at once forsakes
Her own foul figure, and Tyburnas' takes;
Lost in the storm of war her Murrus dead,
She wept reliefless in a widow'd bed;
* * * * *
The guileful goddess bursts into the crowd,
All frantic, furious, and thus cries aloud.
Ye wrathful pow'rs what further is design'd?
What end must we, must faith and virtue find?
Murrus I saw; how dreadful to behold!
How sad his look! and what a tale he told!
Ghastly and pale, and cover'd o'er with blood
Before my eyes the mournful spectre stood;
He stood and call'd, 'Tyburna hence away;
This wretched city falls the victor's prey;
'Scape if thou can'st, or at Elizium's shore
Come, meet thy Murrus, and we part no more!
'Tis past; our gods, our town, our people fall;
The Punick sword surrounds and conquers all.'
My soul still shudders with the vast affright;
Still the pale vision swims before my sight.
Murrus thrice happy of thy fate to see,
Thy town untaken, and thy country free!
While we a poor, defenceless, friendless band
Must serve our tyrants in a foreign land;
And lay at last when life's last scene is o'er,
Our captive corses on the Punick shore;
But you, who scorn your freeborn necks to bow,
And death an end of ev'ry sorrow know,
Illustrious youths, we claim it at your hand,
O save your matrons from a lord's command;
Virtue thro' peril must to fame aspire;
Then snatch a fame, the world can but admire.

The fury Alecto drives them to such a madness of rage and despair, that they burn the city, and themselves in it, to avoid falling into the hands of the enemy; the description of their sad disasters is very moving and highly picturesque.

At once all social, sweet remembrance fled,
The nuptial converse, and the blissful bed;
With fiercer passions their rack'd souls are toss'd
And ev'ry tender thought of love is lost.
Where thick and fast the gathering vapours throw,
Their curling columns, and ascending glow,
One drags in strength of rage a feeble sire,
And hurls him helpless on the kindling pyre:
To save his parent from the Lybian dart,
A cruel pity wrapt Tymbrenus' heart;
Not that dear form, which his own image bears,
And every feature of himself, he spares;
Thou too Eurymedon, thy parent's pride,
And thou Lycormas, blooming brethren died;
So like their stature, shape, and voice, and look,
Oft the pleas'd mother each for each mistook.
* * * * *
What tragic end this faithful state befel,
No human tongue without a tear can tell,
The monstrous ills, their dreadful virtue bore
Ev'n Punicks wept, who never wept before:
This city ever fam'd for faith, that told
The founder of her walls with gods enroll'd,
The Punick fraud, her own relentless rage;
And heaven and hell to force her fate engage.
What the wide waste of sword, and fire would spare,
Her own fell fury spoils, and slaughters there;
Thick from the pile, the rolling vapours rise,
And lift their sable volumes from the skies;
The mount-built Citadel, from whence were seen,
The shores, the Punick tents, and town between,
This sacred tow'r untouch'd by wars before
And temples of the gods, the flames devour;
The brightening fire the region wide displays,
Old ocean trembles with the quivering blaze.
Amid this carnage, lo! with dismal cries
To Murrus' tomb the sad Tyberna flies;
His shining falchion fill'd her better hand,
And in her left she grasp'd a flaming brand;
Loose was her dress, dishevell'd was her hair;
Bare were her arms, her livid bosom bare;
When in the dreary kingdom of the graves,
Hell's surly monarch, Stygian Pluto raves,

Less fury-like Alectos self appears;
Drives the pale ghosts, and thunders in their ears.
The hero's armour on his tomb now laid,
Each mournful relic she with tears survey'd;
Then kindled with her torch a blaze around,
And paid his manes with a dreadful sound.
Lo, these, the best, the last, thy wife can give,
The gift and giver, best of men receive;
She said, and with a mortal fury fir'd
Rush'd on the pile, and in the flames expir'd.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF JOANNES SECUNDUS.

Mr. Oldschool,

[In an Essay, prefixed to a translation of the Basia of Joannes Secundus, published at London, in the present year, are many notices of that agreeable author.—As I have never met with a connected history of his life, I have endeavoured to sketch a brief account of it from those notes. If you think it deserves a place in the Port Folio, your are welcome to publish it.

Z]

Joannes Secundus Hagensis, descended from an ancient and illustrious family in the Netherlands. His father, Nicolaus Everardus, was born near Middleburg, in Zealand, and is thence often stiled *Middleburgensis*. He was a man of great erudition, particularly in the science of the law, and possessed of every qualification necessary to complete a gentleman, or adorn a scholar. He became a favorite of the emperor Charles V. and was a member of the grand council of Mechelen, and president of the states of Holland and Zealand. He died at Mechelen, August 5th, 1532, aged 70.

Everardus left five sons, all distinguished by their talents; and three daughters. Peter Nicolaius, an ecclesiastic, doctor of divinity and the civil law, Everardus Nicolaius, president of Friesland and Mechelen, and knight of the golden fleece, Nicolaus Grudius Nicolaius, treasurer of Brabant, member of the privy council, knight and register of the order of the golden fleece, Hadrianus Marius Nicolaius, knight, member of the privy council, and high chancellor of Guelderland and Zutphen. Isabella Nicolaia became a nun, and it appears from an epistle of Secundus, that she had a fine taste in literature, and was capable of corresponding in Latin.—Of the other two daughters, we know nothing. It remains, that we should mention our poet, Joannes Secundus, who was born at the Hague, in 1511. In his early years, he prosecuted his studies under his father, who was the preceptor of all his children. His poetical vein soon discovered itself; for he is said to have commenced writing verses, at the age of ten years. When public duties deprived Everardus of the time necessary for instructing his children, Secundus, who was designed for the law, was committed to the care of Jacobus Volcardus, whose death he laments, in one of his Nænia. Rumoldus Stenemola, suceeded as tutor to the young poet, who, in his works, bestows on him great commendations. The arts of Painting and Sculpture, shared with their sister Poetry, the attachment of Secundus, and love quickened his progress in them all. He carved his own family, his friends, the emperor, several persons of distinction, and his mistresses: To Julia, the first of them, he inscribed the first book of his Elegies. Being arrived at the age of twenty-one, he was sent to complete his professional studies, under the celebrated Andreas Alciatus, at Bourges, in France. Alciatus was not only a renowned civilian, but a polite scholar, and a poet, qualifications which not a little endeared him to his pupil. Having remained a year at Bourges, and taken his degrees, he returned to Mechelen, where he met with a misfortune, which, at his time of life, must have been severely felt. His mistress, Julia, who had first kindled the flame of love in his bosom, and inpriside his flowing strains, had proved unfaithful, and was married to another. Venerilia confoled him for his loss, and, for a time, became the sovereign of his heart, and object of his verse. Her reign, however, proved short; for in the very year of his return from France, 1533, he went, with powerful recommendations into Spain, and was appointed secretary to cardinal Travera, archbishop of Toledo. Here it was, that he became enamoured of the beautiful, sprightly, but coquettish Næra, and here, probably, he wrote his *Kisses*, which he addressed to her. The fervid climate of Spain, disagreed with the constitution of Secundus, and caused a fever, which had nearly terminated his career; but his youth was opposed to disease, and finally prevailed.—In 1535, he accompanied the emperor Charles V. to the siege of Tunis, which was defended by the famous Barbarossa: But Phœbus or Venus, rather than Mars, seem to have presided over the birth of Secundus, for nothing is on record, of his martial achivements. Even his muse, accustomed only to sing love and the graces, was scared, by the din of arms, and he suffered entirely to escape him, so favorable an opportunity of celebrating the deeds of the emperor and his valiant attendants. On his return from Africa, he was sent, by the cardinal, on an embassy to Rome, to congratulate the pope on the success of the emperor's arms. But falling sick on the road, he returned to his native country, to recover his health. He next engaged, as secretary, to the bishop of Utrecht, and became so famous for his talents and for his learning, that he was sent for by the first prothonotary of the emperor, to take charge of those Latin letters, which were to be signed by that prince's own hand. But death blasted all his budding prospects of future honor. Having gone to St. Amand, to meet his patron, the bishop of Utrecht, he was attacked by a violent fever, which, in five days after his arrival, put a final period to his labors and his expectations, on the 8th Octobor, 1536, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He was interred in the church of the Benedictine monastery, where a marble tomb has been erected to his memory. Thus perished, in the flower of his life, a youth, who, if we consider his country, and his years, and the works he has left us, deserves to rank among the highest in the list of modern poets. His sweet and empassioned lays, will make his memory endure as long as mankind shall continue to be animated by the most amiable of the passions, and as long as true taste shall be cultivated and admired.

Nicholaus Grudius and Hadrianus Marius, brothers of Secundus, were also elegant poets, as appears, not only from his testimony, but from some of their compositions, which remain to us. The Cymba Veneris of Marius, is a beautiful little piece.

None of the works of Secundus were published before his death; they have since passed through many editions; but are now extremely scarce. The following list of them, is taken from the edition of Scriverius.

"Series operum omnium quæ reperiri potuerunt.

Julia. Elegiarum liber I.
Amores. Elegiarum liber II.
Ad diversos. Elegiarum liber III.
Basia. Incomparabilis & divinus prorsus liber.
Epigrammata.
Odarum. Liber unus.
Epistolarum. Liber unus elegiaco.
Epistolarum. Liber alter heroico carmeni scriptus.
Funerum. Liber unus.
Sylva & Carminum Fragmenta.
Poemata—nonnulla Fratrum.
Itineraria. Secundi tria.
Epistolæ totidem soluta oratione.

The reputation of these works, has long been decided, by the unanimous suffrage of the learned.

The following critique from a French writer, is, probably, as correct and concise as any on the subject.

"This young poet has left us three books of elegies—one of epigrams—two of epistles—one of Sylva—one of Funera—one of gallant pieces; which he has entitled Basia; and some other poetical productions, belonging to neither of the foregoing classes.—These works prove that Secundus was possessed of a pleasing, delicate and lively imagination, which is the more remarkable, as he was born in a climate, which does not appear favorable to polite taste, so necessary to those who would distinguish themselves in elegant poetry. His genius, though extremely fertile, never produced any thing but what was excellent, and that with the utmost facility, and almost instantaneously. He is sweet, calm, and at the same time, perspicuous, in his elegies; delicately subtile in his epigrams; pleasingly noble in his lyric compositions; grave in his Funera, without pomp or bombast. In short, throughout all his works, we may pronounce his style, to be full, elegant and tender—and we may be assured, that had his leisure permitted him to undertake epic poetry, and improve himself in it, he would have excelled in that also: But his muse is somewhat too wanton.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CLIMENOLE.

A REVIEW, POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

NUMBER I.

Memorabilia democratica, or the history of democracy. Containing a full, and true account of that venerable science Interspersed with anecdotes, characters and speeches of eminent democrats, antient and modern. Ornamented with thirty engravings of American democrats, by Slaveslap Kidnap, Esq. Foolscap, 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1651.

Washington printed by Samuel H. Smith for Duane, and Cheetham, and Adams, and F. Blake proprietors of the work.

A fatality, seems to attend all literary labours of the democrats in this country. For their works either never get to light entire, being miserably mutilated by the barbarous hands of as ignorant a set of editors as ever was the curse of any party, or they reach not beyond the jirk, of their printer's devils, falling, when this impulse is exhausted, by their natural tendency into filth, and oblivion; or else some envious friend conceals, or some bold enemy crushes the offspring of their brains, at its birth, and dooms it to eternal rest, without honours, and without epitaph. That the two first of these remarks are just any man may satisfy himself, who will take the trouble to inquire after the Aurora, the Chronicle, the Bee, or the Ægis, to which the labours of our democrats have chiefly been entrusted, and none of which he will find now in existence; except, perhaps, a few sheets, especially preserved to smoke under curling irons, or among the warm consecrations of the jakes; or for other like services, which the spungy and glutinous compositions of those papers, peculiarly qualify them to promote. The attempt to suppress Wood's history of the administration of Mr. Adams and its subsequent publication in so disfigured a state, are proofs that the jealousy of

friends has not been less destructive to the interest of democratic science than the malignity of enemies. The work, I have now undertaken to review, is also a melancholy evidence of the same truth. Like that history it issued from the press about Eighteen months since, under the patronage and with the universal expectation of the leaders of that party, and like it disappeared at once in a most mysterious manner. To what cause this suppression is to be attributed, whether the Federalists, as some say, in terror lest such ample testimonials of the talents and learning of their adversaries should go forth to the world, bribed the printer and got possession of the whole work, or whether, as is more probable, a certain great character, elated by his success in the affair of Wood's history, and jealous of the effect of this publication upon his projects, has performed this after peice, to his former tragedy, is not yet ascertained. But matters are in train, for this purpose and the result shall be laid before the public, hereafter, with all that strict regard for truth, which ought to be the study of every one who undertakes to write for its instruction.

With respect to the origin and general design of the work, under review, I cannot satisfy the curiosity of the public better, than by an extract or two form the author's preface; in which he states his motives at large, and also enters into some personal considerations, that throw an interest into the work, which a mere systematic development of his purpose would not have given. The preface bears date 'Washington 23d. January 1802.' And after stating the exertions, made by the author for Mr. Jefferson's election, and the promises he had received from him, thus proceeds.

'Having been buoyed up so long a time by such flattering hopes, I could ill endure my chagrin when I saw the Secretary ship of state, of war, and of the Treasury and other great, or lucrative offices, bestowed upon men of our party, and my services forgotten. I had thoughts, as some flaming democrats had already done, of turning Federalist upon the occasion. But the necessities of my family being pressing, I thought it more prudent to set out for Washington and on the spot, to remind Mr Jefferson of his obligations to provide for me, now it was in his power. Those, who are acquainted with me, will not, I am sure, think that I rate myself at too high a value; as they know I was the leader, and the loudest of those patriots, who, at the races, at cockfights and whisky bouts, gave such essential support to his cause throughout the whole ancient dominion. Besides, although my estate be under mortgage, yet as I own, in my own right, one hundred negroes, my national influence, is nearly of one sixth more weight than that of any single democrat East of the Hudson, as any man may culculate, who will consider by the principles of the constitution the results of the last enumeration. Upon my arrival at this city, I immediately waited on Mr. Jefferson, intending to explain to him as delicately, as I could, the causes of my journey, and discontent. That great man, with that singular sagacity which distinguishes him, saw, before I spoke, the burden, which oppressed my spirits, and taking me by the hand into a private room, entered, in the most frank manner, into an explanation of the difficulties, in which he was envelopped; bursting forth into those oaths, and passionate exclamations, which are the natural language of distress, and which soon caused all personal considerations to be lost, in pity for my friend. I found him as he expressed himself 'worried with such a numerous pack of greedy expectants, flying, with open mouths, at every office, and deaths being few, and resignations none, under daily fears of being torn to peices, in the paroxysms of rage, into which some were thrown by hunger and disappointment.' All hopes of personal preferment being thus lost, for the present, I looked about as becomes a good citizen to find, or make an opportunity to do some essential service to my friend and country, during my hours of leisure at Washington. I had not done this long before I was struck with the lamentable ignorance of our whole party concerning the origin and genius and history of democracy. Great doubts, and frequent bickerings upon these topics, happening at almost every private meeting of the majority in congress. On one occasion I well recollect a very warm debate occurred upon the question, whether democracy was a late invention; some contending that it was never discovered until the French, or at farthest, the American, revolution; others, and those the most learned, insisting that much of its true spirit appeared about the time of one Cromwell, a patriot in their opinion, enriched with a genuine democratic tincture. Col. Varnum ended this dispute by observing, that all he knew about Cromwell, he learnt when he attended general court at Boston and lived at the sign of his head in Court street. From all he could gather, he was an Englishman, who lived about fifty years ago, and who, as the Col. expressed himself 'when a king was to be killed, always took care to have a finger in the pie.' 'But for my part' continued he' I do not like this running to England after precedents. It is imitating the Federalists. I am against all examples, which are not to be found in our country.' At another time a question arose after supper at Stills, whether the term democracy was an American, or foreign manufacture; and how it was derived. Mr. Gallatin said that it was of French origin, as any one might be convinced, who would look into Chambaudsdictionary, where he will find 'democratic—government populaire,—democracy.' 'Now' said Mr. Gallatin' as the French words comes before the English, it is very obvious the latter must be derived from it; for in all etymological inquiries it is a principle that what is first can never be derived from that which is last, but that the probability is very strong, that the latter is from the former. Besides as the '*ie*' so easily slides into *y* 'this alteration can hardly be deemed a change, and as to the adoption of *c* instead of *t* it is in strict conformity to the genius of the English language which is always hissing with *s* and *c* soft.' An evil, he added, he hoped it would be soon in his power to remedy; as he had no doubt that after his countrymen had fixed themselves in Louisiana, the French would become the national language in the United States. An event, which would be highly propitious to him, as no tongue could tell the difficulties he met with, in writing his reports in the present barbarous idiom. The member from Boston declared that he differed from the Secretary of the Treasury, and said that he would never yield the point, that the town, he had the honour to represent, was the native place of democracy; that he remembered it long before he knew such a nation as France had a being, and recollected it as a term of great power, when he was a boy and used to fight on Pope nights, in the streets, for the North Pope, against the South Pope. Mr. Giles said that he had always understood that the word 'democrat' was taken from the Virginia aboriginals; that he well remembered hearing Mr. Jefferson say it was a term of the Monacan tribe, who inhabited about the falls of James' river, and in their tongue signified '*a great tobacco planter, who had herds of black slaves.*'

Mr. Dawson's experience enabled him to suggest a different origin of the term. 'When I was a young blood' said he 'and with other bucks used to hunt w—s in Richmond, it was our custom as soon as we spied the game to exclaim *Demme a cat*, whence the girls of the town, always called us Demmecats. This I conjecture by an easy corruption has been changed into Democrat. I am comfirmed in this opinion by observing how universally our whole party is addicted to this sport, so that no circumstance could be hit upon more happy, for the purpose of a general classification. Mr. Livingston corroborated the opinion of Mr. Dawson, and said that he had often had occasion to notice the same thing in New-York, and that for his part he had no joys in the term half so exquisite as those which the associations, resulting from its origin, produced. The member from Boston, however adhered to his prejudice in favour of his town. There was much marrow he said in the observations of the gentlemen, but that they rather strengthened, than weakened his opinion by the facts they had mentioned; that now he did not entertain a doubt that the term would be found, upon examination to have originated to the north of the Millbridge; and that he would certainly take occasion to inquire of his particular friend William Cooper clerk of that town, who, he said, was very learned in such matters.

These and more essential differences concerning important points of faith and knowledge, first started the idea of this work. I was grieved that so many great men should be at a loss when a little research into the history, and present state of democracy would clear up their doubts, and give them moreover so many solid reasons for exultation. I resolved therefore to look deeply into these subjects and publish the result to the world. How it will be received, I cannot anticipate, but if industry, impartiality and fidelity entitle an author, to public favour, this work must obtain it for me. The reader will see that no pains have been spared in paper and types. As to the engravings, they are likenesses taken from life, by an artist recommended by Mr. Jefferson; to whom I owe great obligations on this account, as he worked by the job, and by agreeing with him to paint by the dozen, I was enabled to make some important savings in preparing this work for the press.

As the above extract contains a full account of the origin and design of this work, I have published it notwithstanding its length entire. In my next number I shall inform the public of all that I have been able to learn concerning the suppression of this history, and of the manner, in which the copy I possess, came to my hands. I shall also produce some facts, which will go far to settle the question whether Slaveslap Kidnap, Esq. be a real or fictitious personage. Upon this head many of those friends to whom I have shewn my copy of his work, are disposed to suggest doubts, partly from the exceeding great novelty of the name North of the Potomack, and partly from the many, and great beauties of style abounding in every page, and which they insist must have been the work of a hand long exercised in writing, and could not be the production of a man on his first appearance before the public. I think I have evidence, which will silence these doubts. This done, I shall not for a moment withhold from the public, that gratification, it may expect from a perusal of those parts of this work, of which prudential considerations allow publication, and which will be accompanied by such critical, and explanatory remarks as the nature of the work under review, and the scope of the present essays require.

[*To be Continued.*]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

Passy, May 16, 1780.

To Messrs. the Judges of the Admiralty at Cherbourg.

Gentlemen,

I have received the *Proces Verbaux*, and other papers which you did me the honour to send me, agreeable to the 11th article of the regulation, of the 27th of September 1778. These pieces relate to the taking of the ship Flora, whereof was Captain Henry Roodenberg, bound from Rotterdam to Dublin, and arrived at Cherbourg in France, being taken the 7th day of April, by Captain Dowlin, commander of the American privateer, the Black Prince.

It appears to me from the above mentioned papers, that the said ship Flora is not a good prize, the same belonging to the subjects of a neutral nation; but that the cargo is really the property of the subjects of the king of England, though attempted to be masqued as neutral. I do therefore request, that after the cargo shall be landed, you would cause the said ship Flora, to be immediately restored to her Captain, and that you would oblige the captors to pay him his full freight, according to his bills of lading, and also to make good all the damages he may have sustained, by plunder or otherwise. And I farther request, that as the cargo is perishable, you would cause it to be sold immediately, and retain the produce deposited in your hands, to the end that if any of the freighters being subjects of their High Mightenesses, the states generals, will declare upon both that certain parts of the said cargo, were bona fide, shipped on their own account and risk, and not on the account and risk of any British or Irish subjects, the value of such parts may be restored: or that if the freighters, or any of them, should think fit to appeal from this judgment to the Congress, the produce so deposited, may be disposed of according to their final determination.

I have the honour to be Gentlemen,
your most obedient, and most
humble servant.

(Signed) B. FRANKLIN.

(Copy) M. P. f. the U. S. at the C. of F.

—

Passy, May 30, 1780.

Sir,

In my last of the 27th Instant, I omitted one thing I had intended, viz. to desire you would give absolute orders to your cruisers not to bring any more Dutch vessels, though charged with enemy's goods, unless contraband. All the neutral states of Europe seem at present disposed to change what had before been deemed the law of nations, to wit, that an enemy's property may be taken wherever found; and to establish a rule that free ships, shall make free goods. This rule is itself so reasonable, and of a nature to be so beneficial to mankind, that I cannot but wish it may become general, and I make no doubt, but that the Congress will agree to it, in as full an extent, as France and Spain. In the meantime, and until I have received their orders on the subject, it is my intention to condemn no more English goods, found in Dutch vessels, unless contraband; of which I thought it right to give you this previous notice, that you may avoid the trouble and expense likely to arise from such captures, and from the detention of them for a decision. With great regard, and best wishes for the success of your enterprizes, I have the honour to be Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

(Signed) B. FRANKLIN.

Mr. Torris. (Copy.)

—

Paris, Hotel de Valois Rue de Richelieu, June 6, 1780.

Sir,

I thank you for your letter, in answer to mine of the 21st of May, and for your kind congratulations on my arrival here.

Mr. Brown, with whom you took your walks in the neighbourhood of Paris, has been gone from home some weeks, on his way hence. I should have had much pleasure, if I had been one of the party. I have rambled, in most of the scenes round this city, and find them very pleasant, but much more indebted to art than to nature. Philadelphia, in the purlieus of which, as well as those of Baltimore, and York town, I have often sought health and pleasure, in the same way, in company with our venerable Secretary Charles Thompson, will in future times, when the arts shall have established their empire in the new world, become much more striking. But Boston above all, around which I have much oftener wandered in company with another venerable character, little known in Europe, but to whose virtues and public merit in the cause of mankind, history will do justice, will one day present scenes of grandeur and beauty, superior to any other place I have ever yet seen. The letter of G. Clinton, when I transmitted it to you, was not suspected to be an imposition. There are some circumstances, which are sufficient to raise a question, but I think none of them are conclusive, and upon the whole, I have little doubt of its authenticity. I shall be much mortified if it proves a fiction, not on account of the importance of the letter, but the stain that a practice so disingenuous will bring upon America. When I first left America, such a fiction with all its ingenuity, would have ruined the reputation of the author of it, if discovered, and I think that both he and the printer would have been punished. With all the freedom of our presses, I really think, that not only the government but the populace would have resented it. I have had opportunities of an extensive acquaintance with Americans, and I must say in justice to my countrymen, that I know not a man that I think capable of a forgery at once so able and so base. Truth is indeed respected in America, and so gross an affront to her I hope will not, and I think cannot go unpunished.

Whether it is genuine or not, I have no doubt of the truth of the facts, in general, and I have reasons to believe, that if the secret correspondence of Bernard, Hutchinson, Gage, Howe, and Clinton, could all be brought to light, the world would be equally surprized at the whole thread of it. The British administration and their servants have carried toward us from the beginning a system of duplicity, in the conduct of American affairs, that will appear infamous to the public, whenever it shall be known.

You have seen A. Rodney's account of the battle of the 17th of April. The *sceptre* of the ocean, is not to be maintained by such actions as this, and Biron's and Keppell's. They must make themselves more terrible upon the ocean, to preserve its dominion. Their empire is founded only in fear—no nation loves it.

We have no news.

I have the honour to be, with much
respect, Sir, your most obedient
and most humble servant.

JOHN ADAMS.

Mr. Dumas.

Passy, June 22, 1780.

Dear Sir,

I received duly yours of May 23, June 2, 6, 8, and 15. Inclosed you have a letter for the gentleman you recommend to me. He seems to be a man of abilities.

The words *before I leave Europe*, had no relation to any particular immediate intention, but to the general one I flatter myself with, of being able to return and spend there the small remains of life that are left me.

I have written distinctly to Messrs. De Neufville concerning those bills. I hear that 484 was at Newbern the 12th of April, and soon to sail from thence, or from Virginia for France. Probably he might not sail in some weeks after, as vessels are often longer in fitting out than was expected, if it is the *Fies Kodrique*, a 90 gun ship that he comes in, I have just heard that she would not sail till the middle of May.

Herewith you have the judgment relating to the Flora, which I thought had been sent before. The mischiefs done by the mob in London are astonishing! They were I hear within an ace of destroying the bank, with all the books relating to the funds, which would have created infinite confusion.

I am grieved at the loss of Charleston. Let us hope soon to hear better news from the operations of the French and Spanish forces, gone to America.

With great esteem, I am ever, dear
Sir, your most obedient, and most
humble servant.

B. FRANKLIN.

M. Dumas.

—

Passy, June 22, 1780.

Dear Sir,

As the English do not allow that we can make legal prizes, they certainly cannot detain the Dutch ship the Berkenboos, on pretence that it was become American property before they took it. For the rest there is no doubt but the Congress will do what shall appear to be just, on a proper representation of facts laid before them, which the owners should appoint some person in America to do. Those gentlemen, may depend on my rendering them every service in my power.

With great esteem, I am dear
Sir, your most obedient
humble servant.

B. FRANKLIN.

M. Dumas.

—

Philadelphia, July 10, 1780.

Sir,

I know not how I can profess all the regard which I feel for you, without appearing on the one hand, to do it upon slight grounds, or on the other, to have delayed it too long.

I have been steadily in Congress without once visiting my dear family in Boston, since January 1777, and from May, that year, have been a member of the committee of foreign affairs; consequently I am well informed of your truly republican spirit, your particular affection for these states, and your industry in their service, most of your numerous letters down to December the 30th, 1779, having come to hand.

The honourable gentleman who will deliver this, being also a member of Congress, has a just esteem for you, and promises himself much advantage from an opportunity of conversing with you. Mr. Searle is well able to make a due return of the benefit from the fund of his intimacy with American state affairs, his extensive commercial knowledge, and his science of mankind gained by former travails. I shall shortly write to you again, by another respectable gentleman

of our assembly, and I will use every means to make him the bearer of what you have so rightfully solicited, as a faithful *first* correspondent of our committee, from whom you will probably have regular official letters, under a new arrangement of a secretaryship, which has been vacant from the days of a confusion excited by an indiscreet and illiberal publication, here on the 5th of December 1778, and which you have read with grief.

In the meantime I hope you will receive kindly this individual testimony of cordial friendship, from sir, your very humble servant.

JAMES LOVELL.

Venerable Mr. Dumas.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

H. Caritat has issued Proposals for publishing by subscription, an Original Work, entitled A JOURNEY, Made by order of the French Government, from Pittsburg on the River Ohio, through the Western Territory of the United States to the Upper and Lower Parts of LOUISIANA, Cheifly on the Mississippi, Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas and adjacent Rivers as low as NEW ORLEANS, in the years 1796 and 1797, BY GENERAL COLLOT.

This work will be comprised in two volumes in 4to,* containing thirty charts drawn for the most part on imperial paper of the dimensions of three feet six inches, together with plates and Views executed by the best artists of Paris, describing the aspect of the Country, its supposed boundaries, the nature of the soil, the farms, hamlets, villages and towns, which border on the Ohio, the Mississippi, and other rivers, and marking their soundings and those of the creeks which pour their waters into their floods. Translated into English from the original Manuscript, by Helen Maria Williams.—Subscriptions to this work will also be received by the following Booksellers; viz James White, Boston; P. Byrne, Philadelphia; John Rice, Baltimore; William Duane, Washington;—Thomas, Charleston.

PROSPECTUS.

The French Government having formed the design of making the acquisition of Louisiana, became highly interested in procuring more positive information respecting that country, than it had hitherto obtained. General Collot, was therefore commissioned in 1796, to take the most accurate survey of the country.

This Mission General Collot undertook, notwithstanding the dangers with which it was attended and which proved fatal to some of his suite,† which consisted among others, of twelve persons skilled in Geography and drawing. He began his expedition at Pittsburg, where he embarked on the Ohio and followed the course of this river to its junction with the Mississippi, describing the country on each side of its banks, the rivers which empty themselvs into the Ohio, and the Creeks, Shoals and Soundings. From the Ohio, General Collot took a survey of the Mississippi and other rivers on the West, which empty themselvs into the Mississippi, the course of which he followed to New Orleans, where Spanish jealousy attacked him, there he owed his liberty only to the firmness of his character; escaped from this new danger he reached Philadelphia from whence he had departed.

General Collot not satisfied with taking the soundings of the creeks and rivers which he surveyed, pointing out the dangers of the navigation, directing the course of future travellars, by marking on his charts the rocks, shoals, banks and bars which obstruct the passage, &c. He has also indicated the quality of the lands, and the character of the country, with a degree of precision that cannot fail to be eminently useful to future American Emigrants. Forests as ancient as the world here lift their towering heads, while natural meadows, which extend 40 leagues without a tree, bounded by woods and intersected by infinite numbers of creeks, demand the hands of cultivation. There, the most luxuriant vegetation invites the wanderer to fix his dwelling.

General Collot astonishes his readers, while he conducts them through immense plains till now unknown, covered with Mulberry trees, and Silk worms equal to those of the East Indies, and left to the care of nature. He leads them to mountains of pure salt; to lakes covered with birds and full of fish of every kind; in short to lands become the domain of an innumerable quantity of game.

The author bestows equal attention on natural history and commerce as on other objects; he treats of Furs in the minutest detail; nothing is neglected; nothing escapes his penetration; neither quadrupeds, reptiles, birds plants, trees, nor mines of any kind. To relieve the minds of his readers from that lassitude, which is too often inseparable from topographical description he has been careful to enlarge each of his chapters, with historical remarks, which afford just ideas of the manners and dispositions of the Indians he had visited, and which are naturally connected with his subject and engage by the interest they excite.

This interesting Work was on the point of being published at Paris, at the expense of the French government, when Louisiana was ceded to the United States, which circumstance left General Collot at liberty to dispose of it.

Already several Americans residing in France, at the head of whom was Mr. Swan of Boston, wished to treat with General Collot, under the favour and advice of his Excellency Mr. Livingston, Ambassador. They were disposed to advance the price, when the correspondent of Mr. Caritat, then in France, yielding to the solicitations made him from every quarter, consented to purchase it, on condition that the American gentlemen residing in Paris in July last, should subscribe first, which they did with eagerness. Miss. Helen Maria Williams, so advantageously known in America, by her literary fame, after having read the manuscript with the greatest interest undertook to translate it into English, and Mr. Tardieu, the first Engraver of France, undertook the Maps and Plates, which are at present finished.

The public are respectfully requested to observe that Mr. Caritat did consent to become the Publisher of this important Work, and to advance near 10,000 dollars to complete it, until he received from his subscribers at Paris the positive expectation that their example would be followed in the United States, by all men of Public Character, of Literature, Merchants and Persons in easy circumstances, interested in the glory and prosperity of their Country. The Publisher has only one circumstance to regret, that he could not diminish the price of the work, which will however be found moderate, as may be proved, when the various and heavy expenses, attending such a publication, are calculated.

The drawing, and Plates being extremely expensive, the public are informed that there will only be a sufficient number of copies to satisfy the demands of the Subscribers

New-York, Nov. 28, 1803.

CONDITIONS:

The price of each copy on fine paper, with elegant type, will be 22 dollars, neatly bound, and 20 dollars in boards, to be paid on delivery.—They will be ready for delivery on the first of May. A list of the subscribers will be published at the end of the second volume.

*** LIST of those who subscribed both in Paris and here, before the Prospectus was put to press.

The Presedent of the United States; his Excellency Robt. R. Livingston, Ambassador to France; his Excellency James Munroe, Ambassador to Great Britain; Mr. Skipwith, Commercial Agent of the United States in Paris; Mesrs. Robert Louis Livingston, Peter R. Livingston, Burnet, Maclure, Cutting, Fulton, Barlow, Meville, Swan, Bentalon, Montflorance, Grant, Burch, Fenwick, Whiteside, Wayer, Pinkney, Norry, Garden, Saint-Clair, Robertson, Norris, Miller, Col. Orne and Captain Burn.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JULY 19.

SITTINGS AT GUILDHALL.

WHITE VS. JERVIS.

This was an action upon the warranty of a Horse.

Mr. Erskine stated that his client, the Rev. Mr. White, was curate of Hamsted. Being in want of a horse the better to enable him to perform his parochial duty, he saw an advertisement in a newspaper of one to be sold by a Mr. Dickenson, which was the property of the Defendant. He liked the appearance of the horse, and having received a warranty of his soundness, he completed the purchase, He expected to find a quiet animal, who would carry him peaceably, through his parish, for he was no great horseman; but Mr. White had scarcely mounted, when the Horse became restive, and before he reached Hamstead, he gave proofs of every vice.

Lord Ellenborough said he supposed the warranty extended to the soundness of the horse's body, not to the sweetness of his temper.

Mr. Erskine observed, that he should prove that at the time of the sale he was not sound. Mr. Moorcroft, so celebrated for his skill in the diseases of horses, was ready to swear that there was a speck upon one of his eyes, which impaired his vision. This was observed within eight days of the time of the sale, and could not have grown in so short a time.

Mr. Dickenson was then called, and proved the sale and the warranty. On his cross examination he said, that he had sold the horse to Mr. Jervis, who, having no farther occasion for him, had sent him back to be re-sold. He was perfectly certain that he was sound when sold to Mr. White, and even now he could not perceive that he had a speck on his eye, or any other blemish.

Professor Moorcroft stated, that there certainly was a speck on the horse's off eye, which, in his opinion, was of long standing. He thought that this lessened the value of the horse, as he could not see so well with the one eye as the other.

Several witnesses were then called, but they all allowed that a small speck was perceivable, though they thought it was of no importance.

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* The Publisher is not ignorant that a work so necessary to the public, must generally speaking, be put within the reach of every class, as much as possible. This principle which applies to every Country, ought to be more scrupulously observed in America, where they are not familiarised with editions of the quarto size, which the Publisher has been obliged to adopt for the aforesaid work; had he taken any other, the end, as well as the utility of this work would have absolutely failed. The reason will appear just, when it is remembered that the size of the Copper-plates and Maps, would not have allowed them to fold in 8vo. without being exposed to such mutilation as would render their use impracticable, after having opened the book only three or four times.

† General Warin, his Aid de Camp, was killed by an Indian.

Mr. Garrow paid many compliments to Professor Moorcroft, and confessed that he liked a horse much the worse for having his opinion against him. Yet though from his great science he had been able to spy an imperfection, it did not follow that the horse was unsound. If a whole regiment of cavalry were subjected to his inspection, he probably would not allow a horse in each troop to be faultless. "This eye is dull," he would say, "or has a tendency to dulness; this tendon is inserted into the bone a little too high, and that a little too low." We enjoyed the light and warmth of the sun, and were grateful to the great ruler of the universe; yet philosophers with their telescopes discovered spots on this glorious luminary, and perhaps some of them were of opinion that we should be more comfortable if it were uniformly bright. Many people had seen this horse without perceiving any speck on his eye, and had it not been for the Learned Professor, he might have carried a good character with him to his grave. If the plaintiff were to succeed, and the trial were to get abroad, as it probably would to morrow morning by means of the newspapers, every one who was tired of his horse would get a scientific man to point out something that might be amended, and immediately bring an action against the person from whom he had bought him.

After an able reply from Mr. Erskine and an impartial summing up from Lord Ellenborough the Jury found a verdict for the Plaintiff—Damages 21l. 10s. 6d.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

The following political sketches are derived from a source of information both correct and new. They will reflect a very vivid light upon the political scene in Europe.

The government and people of this country are still vigilant in preparations to resist the invasion threatened from France, and in endeavours to prevent it. The troops of the line have been industriously recruited, and with great success. The invasion would find us an armed nation, a nation of soldiers, impatient to prove their courage on the heads of any host, of insolent enemies. The distribution of an immense military force, exceeding half a million, is such as to render it most effective in defence of the kingdom. Encampments along the coast; garrisons in the proper garrison towns; provisions for the immediate concentering of a great strength upon any one of those points, on which the improbability is the smallest, that an enemy should effect a descent; the fortification of certain positions immediately on the shore which might be before too weak in proportion to their importance; the maintenance at the same time of a sufficient number of troops in the interior parts of the country, to be a grand reserve if any misfortune were to befal those which are upon the coast; and in particular, the care that is used to preserve the health of the troops, to set approved generals at the head, to provide ample supplies of provisions, ammunition and other stores, to watch every movement and preparation of the enemy, appear to have satisfied the country in the fullest manner of the general spirit and energy. Every where, the troops hold themselves in readiness, as if the landing of an enemy were hourly expected. It is this vigilance which gives confidence to the country; since in this we know that we are safe. The metropolis is undoubtedly the grand prize to the seisure of which a well directed invasion would be aimed. For this reason, those landing places are more especially guarded from which an enemy might the most easily advance against London.

At sea also, the most vigorous efforts are made to annoy our enemies, and frustrate their designs. Lord Keith, and next to him, admiral Montague, have the chief command in the English channel. From Quimper to the coast of Norway, British fleets command the sea, watch along the coast and blockade the access into every harbour out of which any armament can be thought likely to issue. The success of the gallant Sir James Saumarez, together with the bombardment of the gun boats at Calais and Boulogne, were such as to prove to the French the insecurity of their ports, their gun boats, and all their paltry naval preparations; although the enterprize did not spread that utter destruction along the French coast, which was most earnestly to be desired.

The ports of the Dutch and Belgic provinces, and those of Germany in the power of the French, are closely blockaded by British ships of war. The chances are so small that the French gun boats under some rare advantages of winds and fogs should escape out of port and effect a descent, that prepared as we now are, the enemy's threats of so foolish an enterprize, need not give us the smallest uneasiness.

In the Italian seas, Lord Nelson commands a squadron sufficiently strong to resist any maritime enterprize of the French. Sir Edward Pellew and Sir Robert Calder watch Ferrol, and the marine movements of the French, on the coast of Provence. The British squadrons are masters of the West India seas. In conjunction with the land forces, they have captured the islands of St. Lucia and Tobago, and have also taken several French ships of war. It is expected that news will speedily be received of the surrender to the British fleet, of the remnant of the enemy's army, which two years since landed with so much pomp in St. Domingo. In the northern American seas, the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, have been taken by a small British force.

Parliament is to meet about the end of November.

France the most extensive and compact empire in Europe is terrible by the strength and activity of its military government. Its army in Hanover continues to oppress the inhabitants, and to devour the resources of that electorate and its dependencies. The people of the Dutch states suffer at the same time from their French *allies*, almost all the ills that can be inflicted on a conquered nation. They have been forced to take part in a war, in which they wished to look on as neutrals. They are compelled to furnish and to maintain a great body of native Dutch troops, whom they would much rather employ in the husbandry, manufactures, and fisheries. They have been compelled to receive French garrisons in all their strong towns, to put their sea ports into the hands of the French, and to expose their whole country in some manner, as a scene of passage and encampment to the armies of France. Their trade is at the same time ruined, and their ports are on account of their *alliance* with France, blocked up, by the English at sea. The inhabitants of the Belgic provinces of France suffer much by the levies of conscripts by the interruption, which the war gives to their manufactures and trade, and by the greater vigour with which they are governed, as being departments but newly added to the *republic*. Along the whole sea coast of these departments of the Batavian republic, and of those parts of ancient France, which are adjacent to the English channel, it is said that the total number of the troops, which the first consul of France has in readiness to be employed against England, including those which though not on the coast, might be speedily marched to it, cannot be less than 300,000 men. At Dunkirk a number of gun boats are in readiness. Incessant diligence is used to exercise the men, in the different French harbours on the channel, in working the guns, and in all the necessary management of the boats, which bear them. Two thousand eight hundred men are said to be now every day at work, enlarging and repairing the fortifications at Boulogne. By the inconveniences and hardships necessarily attending the assemblage of so many troops, in temporary encampments, contagious diseases have been extensively spread among the French troops near Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkirk; and we have information that the numbers which die every day are very considerable. The consular government remains at present unshaken. France has suffered so much by revolutions, that submission to almost any government, would, for the present, be thought preferable to a struggle, for change that might lead to civil war. But, the difficulty in finding supplies for the public expenditure in that country, are now exceedingly great. The ruin which the war has brought upon the trade and manufactures, is deep and extensive, and, felt by all except the old soldiers, and officers, and those who, as contractors and tradesmen derive large emoluments from the supply of the necessaries for the war to the army, and the government. The royalist and the jacobin parties are both considerable at this time in France, but they seem to form each of them a counterpoise to each other.

The First Consul is, undoubtedly, a man of commanding intrepidity and talents. But he wants that gracious fascinating affability without which no chief ruler can be long acceptable to such a nation as the French. Much of that ascendency which he is still enabled to maintain over public opinion in France, is owing to the degree in which his power has, hitherto, gratified much vanity and ambition, by extending the military glory, and political power of the nation.

Russia next after France, the greatest power on the continent, consults its own true interests, in avoiding to take any part in the present contest, between Great Britain and France. Its true policy is precisely that which it now pursues—to improve the culture of its immense domains, and the civilization of its people, and to maintain only such a force, naval and military, as is requisite to give energy and authority to its internal government, and at the same time, to make it secure against contempt, or attack from any of its neighbours. We have no fear that Russia will by any intrigue, be led to take part in the war with France: For, the trade, the manufactures, and even the agriculture of Russia are, to such a degree, carried on with British capital, that hostilities with Britain would immediately distress the government and nation to an extent the most dagerous, and which Alexander and his ministers are not at all likely to hazard. Nor is it probable, that Denmark and Sweden now so remarkably subject to the ascendancy of Russia, and existing in such a rivalry between themselves will do otherwise, than remain in a wise neutrality during the remainder of this war.

I should prefer a *tyrant* to a *democrat*; for, in the severity of a tyrant, there is a *chance* for perfection; and we know we are not in greater danger from the oppression of the one, than from the licentiousness of the other.

Pope says—For forms of government, let fools contest,
That which is best administer'd is best.

But are *all* equally well calculated to *be* well administered? or if all were well administered, would *all* be *equally good*?

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FREEDOM, AN ODE.

Written, in Scotland, by a young woman, the daughter of a miller at Edinburgh.

Array'd in dazzling robes of purest light,
Guiding the rapid car of power sublime,
Lo! FREEDOM triumphs o'er Oblivion's night,
And rears her trophies on the throne of Time.
What though she pauses in her proud career,
To mourn her altars, mingling with the dust,
To shed on Valour's grave a parent's tear,
The unconscious tenant, once her dearest boast,
Even then she stifles Sorrow's rising sigh,
As future triumphs rush on her prophetic eye.

Her lightning's glance can penetrate the gloom,
That dimly curtains many a slumbering year,
In whose bright course shall heavenly fires relume
Her torch, expiring in wild Nature's tear.
In ages yet to come shall ardent youth,
Warm'd by the flame that round her altar plays,
Rise the bold champions of oppressed Truth,
And if in Glory's beam their eagles gaze,
While the loud trumpet's blast of deathless fame,
Shall tell an awe-struck world each glorious name.

Oh, righteous power! thy mighty voice shall raise
Thy shrine, where Guilt his giant powers resign'd,
Where Truth's dread helm shall glitter in the blaze
Of starry wreaths on Mercy's brow intwin'd:
Beneath the genial splendors of thy reign,
Genius shall own thy pure, inspiring smile,
And Peace shall join bright Freedom's angel-train.
To tear the fetters from the sons of toil,
To pour the dew, nectareous, of the sky,
On the pale lip, parch'd with Affliction's sigh,
Thy potent hand shall holy altars rear,
Where tranc'd Devotion may her transports pour;
Her soul, unaw'd by Persecution's fear,
Shall rise, triumphant, o'er his darkest hour;

Where pallid victims groan in deep despair,
Wrapt in the shades of Superstition's gloom,
Where crushing racks turn in the livid glare
Of flashing fires, the screaming sufferers' tomb.
Avenging power! on thee shall Heav'n bestow
Its fiery bolts, to lay the fabric low.
When o'er the cliffs of Albion's sea-beat shore,
Wild Superstition her dark pinions spread,
Her midnight orgies bathe the caves with gore,
And o'er the ocean shriek'd th' unhallow'd dead.
Her abject slaves, the ministers of death,
While gasping votaries strain'd the blood-shot eye,
Bade charming caverns fling their sulphurous breath,
In column'd terrors, to the thundering sky,
And dreadful forms rose on the shelving height,
The airy cradle of the spell-bound night.

Freedom's loud voice bade those dread terrors cease;
Her orient lustre pierc'd the Stygian gloom;
While Science came, the heavenly child of Peace,
And rear'd her dwelling on dark Error's tomb:
Freedom, blest guardian of her mystic shrine,
On Time's dark wing pour'd her celestial light.
As some bright angel, 'mid the spheres divine,
Bids morning splendors chase receding Night,
And Nature, freed from Night's terrific power,
Her matin anthem sings in Summer's fragrant bower.

Bleak blew the wind around the quivering flame,
That cheer'd the summit of the lonely bow'r,
Where pale Disease consum'd the captive's frame,
Who call'd on Frenzy at the midnight hour;
And then the centinel, at dead of night,
Pac'd the wild battlement with footsteps slow,
While the dark raven curb'd his dreary flight,
To pour through grated bars his notes of woe;
Flapping his pinion, as the clanking chain
Chas'd sleep's bright visions from the sufferer's brain.

Ah! when the scenes of childhood met his views,
Rising in Memory's agonizing dream,
The landscape tinted with the rainbow's hue,
Its wild woods waving in the morning beam,
The airy mountain and the twilight vale,
Where light as air his infant footsteps flew;
His golden tresses flaunting on the gale,
That shook from Summer's rose the silver'd dew;
The smile maternal on his soul imprest,
That fir'd to madness his wild fetter'd breast.

How rush'd the life-blood through his palsied veins,
When Freedom enter'd the dark haunt of Night,
And from her child tore the time-rusted chains,
While beaming day burst on his aching sight.
As when he he launch'd upon the azure tide,
His rustling canvass fluttering in the breeze,
The beams of heaven his bright, unerring guide,
While angel footsteps curb'd the slumbering seas,
Blest Freedom hail'd him to his native shore,
As Peace proclaim'd the reign of Carnage o'er.

To Freedom's care the awful charge is given
To watch in infancy the patriot's soul,
To warm his bosom with the fires of Heaven,
And lead his steps to Glory's dazzling goal.
Her raptur'd eye beholds his youthful frame,
With spring elastic bound across the plain,
And marks him glow with transport at the name
Of those who died to save her falling reign.
Till led by her when toil-mark'd years are fled,
Bright Glory twines her laurels round his head.

As when the valour of her Spartan son,*
In vain oppos'd Ambition's whelming storm,
That shook the centre of her Attic throne,
And menac'd ruin to her trembling form;
She saw the hero on Thermop'læ's field,
With frantic woe in her maternal eye,
Before her shrine his mighty spirit yield;
While spheres eternal trembled in her cry:
Rous'd by her voice, the powers of vengeance came,
And pour'd their fury on Guilt's fainting frame.

Freedom again wav'd heav'n's avenging sword,
Thron'd on the summit of the Grecian steep,
While far below the crimson billows roar'd,
As hostile nations struggled on the deep,
Tremendous power when Persia's host essay'd
To bend thy children in Oppression's chain,
On their proud legions they rush'd undismay'd
As sweeps the whirlwind on the wintry main,
Inspir'd by thee, from millions scorn'd to fly,
Till Nature rung in their victorious cry.

Yes, Freedom fled the imperial towers of Rome,
When Vice, the priest of Luxury, profan'd,
With rites abhorr'd, her consecrated dome,
While maniac Folly o'er the orgies reign'd.
In vain she pointed to her Cato's tomb,
In vain in thunders she pronounc'd his name,
They madly scorn'd their dread impending doom,
And Faction's clouds obscur'd bright Reason's flame,
Till fell Destruction smote them to the dust,
And conquer'd nations own'd the sentence just.

When Evening's purple robe glows in the beam,
Her golden star shed o'er Italian skies,
And the proud wave of Tyber's classic stream
Heaves its clear bosom in her balmy sighs.
On the etherial moon-light car of Even,
The mighty shades of other times appear,
Freedom for thee they fly the bowers of heaven,
For thee they visit Earth's nocturnal sphere,
To bid thee trust that god-like deeds sublime
Shall yet emblason the dim shield of Time.

When the dread spirit of the mountain storm
Unfurl'd his standard to the rushing wind,
That howl'd around the Caledonian's form,
On the rude fragment of the rock reclin'd,
O'er heathy hills the western moon-beams shone,
The torrents wild foam'd gleaming in the ray,
Thro' blasted pines arose the tempests moan,
Rocking the gray cliff where the hunter lay:
Freedom descending on the desert wild,
Blest the calm slumbers of her fearless child.

Dear to her bosom were those northern plains,
Oft has she listen'd when from Morven's vale
Arose the voice of Cercis' mournful strains,
Charming the spirit of the sea-born gale:
She train'd the warlike race from age to age,
And nerv'd their arm with Freedom's awful force,
She smil'd, exulting as the battle-rage
Swept Pride's dark legions in its vengeful course,
And with her spear, on the proud shrine of Fame,
Near mighty Wallace, carv'd her Bruce's name.

Freedom, thy voice can still the storm of woe,
And soothe the sufferer in the hour of pain;
While thy pure rays on his pale features glow,
As shines the moon-beam on the twilight main.
Oh, were I doom'd to Want's oblivious vale,
My lonely home her dark sequester'd dell,
Inspired by thee, I would her terrors hail,
For even with her blest Freedom loves to dwell!
Thy roses fade in Pleasure's gaudy dome,
But shed their sweets round Labour's cottage home.

SONNET TO R. FRYER,

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF A COLLECTION OF POEMS, by.....

"Here pause, my Muse, not the united rage
Of Jove, of Vulcan, or consuming Time,
Thy song can injure; spotless is the page,
And fated Fame's etherial heights to climb.*
Thus *sung* full many a boasting bard of yore,
Thus *thinks* full many a bard of modern days,
Tho' skill'd to check the verse, which thus would soar,
And court, with humbler voice, poetic praise.
When friends approve, 'tis sweet, 'tis passing sweet,
Let me to thee my secret wishes own,
Ev'n I have hopes their partial praise to meet;
Nor pass my life unheeded and unknown,
Trembles my timid muse, and much I fear,
Her rugged rhymes may wound the polish'd Ear.

* Leonidas.

* Alluding to the Jamque opus exegi of Ovid, and the exegi monumentum of Horace.

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